

FELLOWS TWEED'S TOOL.

To Vote for Him is to Indorse Bosses and Bribery.

He Took \$500 From Tweed While He Was in Office.

And Begged \$573 When the "Fixed" Jury Had Disagreed.

What Has Been Proved in Seventeen Days Against a Pensioner and Eulogist of the Greatest Robber That Ever Lived, a "Welcher" in the Coterie of Professional Gamblers, and a Friend of the Men Under Ball and Waiting Trial for Bribery—A Plain Statement of Fact About the Candidate of Corrupt Bosses—Can the Prosecution of Criminals of a Great City be Entrusted to Such a Man as This?—A Ringing Letter from Carl Schurz to the Mayor, Who Stands Sponsor for Fellows's "Simple Christian Life."

The campaign is over and the people are ready to cast their votes to-morrow against candidates of the bosses and bootlickers. The polls will be open from 6 o'clock a. m. until 4 o'clock p. m. The candidate for whom the bootlickers have made the greatest fight is the one from whom they expect the most protection—John R. Fellows.

The voters who were asked by the bosses to support John R. Fellows for one of the most important and responsible offices in the city have had only seventeen days to examine his record. But his career as a public officer is so thoroughly tarnished with corruption that there has been no difficulty at all in demonstrating the unfitness of the man for the position he seeks. It has been absolutely proved against him:

That he has for years been in the habit of incurring debts he could not and did not pay, though in receipt of a liberal income, and that many of his creditors were men to whom he might be useful in an official capacity.

That he took pay while employed for the city as Assistant District-Attorney to procure a pardon for a convict.

That he was in the habit of selling his monthly salary to brokers, and was not particular about selling the same month's salary to only one person.

That he was an indefatigable follower and eulogist of Tweed and received large sums of money from him. The World and Times have furnished documentary evidence of this.

That while he was Assistant District-Attorney he was shamelessly neglectful of his trust as referee, the heirs never receiving a dollar of the money bequeathed to them.

That he made easy the escape of Elsie Ryland, a convict for forgery.

That he was a "welcher,"—a name abhorrent to all gamblers—while a public officer under oath to punish gamblers.

That he sheltered the boot-lickers when the Stock Exchange tried to prosecute the men who ran them.

That he went to Montreal ostensibly to participate in the Carnival, but really to confer with the boot-licker John Keenan, and to apologize for doing his duty as a District-Attorney.

These things have been proved against John R. Fellows beyond a doubt. Is he the man to punish the criminals of a great city?

Another circumstance against Col. Fellows is difficult to prove, but the facts speak for themselves. When Cleary's trial was coming on great efforts were made to postpone it, and influential persons interested themselves in the defendant's case. His employers, the Equitable Assurance Company, declared their intention not to try him in advance of the courts nor to pronounce him guilty in advance of a jury. District-Attorney Martine has made the statement that more men of influence and wealth appealed to him for leniency for Cleary than had interested themselves in all the previous trials put together. It was evident that extraordinary efforts were to be made to aid his acquittal. Just before the case was tried Mr. Fellows, who had able summed up the previous cases, and was known to be impressive with a jury, was taken suddenly ill and went to the Hot Springs of Arkansas. But before he left he was well enough to attend an entertainment, although not well enough to assist in the trial.

There is no proof that Mr. Fellows was absent unnecessarily, but the uncomfortable impression that he was cannot be removed from the public mind.

Meanwhile what has been said or proved against De Laney Nicolli in this campaign? Not a word, except that he is a young man, and the companion of gentlemen instead of roughs, ring politicians and rascals. De Laney Nicolli was the real strength of the prosecution against the boot-licker Aldermen. His ability and industry, under Mr. Martine's judgment, secured the conviction of Sharp and the rest. Everybody in New York knows this. It has confirmed the reputation of Mr. Nicolli. It has won the reputation of the press to his cause. It has induced his nomination by the Republicans for the sake of good government and an honest administration of justice. It has aroused the people to a great movement in his favor. It will elect him District-Attorney to-morrow.

THE PROOFS are all against Fellows's

fitness and in confirmation of Nicolli's fitness. If the people of New York study their own interests and the welfare of the city they will elect De Laney Nicolli, defeat John R. Fellows, Disappoint the Bootlickers and BREAK THE MACHINE.

That is what Hewitt said in 1880. Is there then nothing left to the people, to the mass of voters, besides either running with the machine or abrogating all their rights and duties as citizens? Yes, there is something left to the mass of the party—it is the veto power, and the veto power only. They can discharge the leaders and break the machine—they can choose new leaders and construct a new machine. This in a properly organized party is their right, and it is possession of this right and the performance of this duty which keeps the machine in proper order and the leaders in accord with it and in subordination to the will of the people.—Mayor Hewitt in his Cooper Union Speech, Dec. 28, 1880.

FELLOWS BEGGING FROM TWEED.

He Took Money From Him While in Office—Read These Letters.

The World has already given wide circulation to John R. Fellows's begging letters to Boss Tweed. He took \$500 from the prince of corruptionists while employed by the latter as District-Attorney. This is shown by the stubs of Tweed's check book and was proved by Tweed when he testified before Attorney-General Charles S. Fairchild. It was shown at the same time that Tweed paid nearly \$10,000 to W. O. Bartlett, large stockholder and editorial writer on the New York Sun, the paper that Fellows relies upon in this canvass to "explain" his crooked dealings. Tweed's check-book shows this entry:

JOHN R. FELLOWS, JULY 11, 1871. \$500.

Fellows was in the District-Attorney's office, then run by McKean, a tool of Tweed, and, of course, had more or less to do with the preparation of Tweed's trial. The day after the jury disagreed, Fellows wrote these letters to Tweed.

NEW YORK, Feb. 1, 1873.
DEAR SIR: I am sorry to have to avail myself of your generous offer of yesterday, but I have not read anything from the Gentlemen referred to, and I am situated as follows: I have \$250.00 to pay to-day, and I have \$400 to do to-day. As part of my rent and the rest a note in book. I am badly fixed. If you can do me today, I can return it as soon as I can see those Gentlemen, which will be early next week. Yours most truly,
J. R. FELLOWS.

Lengthwise of this note, in the upper left corner, is written, in the handwriting of S. Foster Dewey, William M. Tweed's private secretary.

"Gave Fellows ch'k for \$500. Feb'y 1, 1873."

On the back of this letter, as it was filed away, was William M. Tweed's indorsement, of which we give a fac-simile:

J. R. Fellows
1 Feb'y 1873

The second letter read as follows:

NEW YORK, Feb. 1, 1873.
MY DEAR SIR: You will pardon me if I again send a messenger, as 8 o'clock is rapidly approaching.

As Mr. Dewey may have told you will excuse this seeming persistence, I am sure.

Yours faithfully,

J. R. FELLOWS.

Lengthwise of the note in the upper left-hand corner is written by Foster Dewey:

"Ans'd with ch'k for \$523. Dewey."

Now read this from Wheeler H. Peckham:

"I remember once long afterwards, when Tweed was dying in jail. I visited him for some reason or other, and during the conversation I asked:

"Now, Mr. Tweed, I wish you would tell how you got that jury."

As I expected, he replied, with a peculiar smile, that he had paid the jury. But it is a question which I would feel hardly justified in answering."

Is John R. Fellows worthy the support of any honest voter for District-Attorney?

SCHURZ DISSECTS MAYOR HEWITT.

Shall the Prosecution of Bribe-Takers be Intrusted to a Tweed Tool?

Carl Schurz has written an open letter to Mayor Hewitt from which the following extracts are taken:

You say that originally you had been willing to do all you could in a proper way to secure Mr. Nicolli's nomination, thus admitting the propriety of it. Why, then, do you not do it? Because some time in September last Mr. Nicolli had told you that "he preferred to resume his private practice of the law."

My dear Mr. Hewitt, you and I are no novices in public life. When you tell me that such a casual remark about preferring private station must be taken as a conclusive reason against bringing that man forward for office, if he is otherwise fit and desirable, you will certainly not expect me to receive that statement without a smile. But you give other reasons. "In this condition of affairs," you say, "the nomination of Mr. Nicolli was demanded by certain newspapers which are either not the organs of the Democratic party or are distinctly opposed to its principles."

Well, what of it? Do you mean to say that the advocacy of Mr. Nicolli by newspapers not the organs of the Democratic party would make him less efficient in the prosecution of evil-doers, a less valuable District-Attorney of the city of New York? I remember when Abraham S. Hewitt was a candidate for Mayor, newspapers, "not the organs of the Democratic party," advocated his election. Did he repeat them? Did he think it for himself a disqualification for the office?

Indeed, you say that one of the newspapers spoke in a dictatorial tone. What of that? Would that have diminished Mr. Nicolli's qualifications for the place? Would it have lessened the importance of the prosecutions by a man of his proved trustworthiness? Let me ask you, instead of indulging in feverish imaginings about "newspaper bosses" and "brooding Buddhas," to look the facts calmly in the face. It was not one newspaper that at first expressed the demand for Mr. Nicolli's nomination. It was the whole press of the city. It was the Herald, the Sun, This World, the Times, the Tribune, the States-Servant, the Evening Post, the Commercial Advertiser, the Mail and Express, Harper's Weekly, the Independent and others.

And why did these newspapers, in almost unbroken chorus, agree in that demand? Not because they wanted to start a popular current, but because they moved in it. They did not create public sentiment, but they simply obeyed it.

That is the only objection made to Nicolli. He is too smart and he is too honest. The politicians can't handle the city while he is prosecuting attorney.—New York Herald before its flop.

Fell Dead in his Pulpit.

Presterian church at Lagro, this county, Rev. Andrew Luce, for many years pastor of the church, was stricken with apoplexy, and, falling from his chair in the pulpit, died almost instantly. He had been in excellent health previously, and his death was a surprise to all who knew him.

Rev. Luce was seventy-five years of age, and for forty years had been a minister in the church. He was buried to-morrow.

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only gave voice and expression to a demand which embodied the best impulses of our people and did honor to the community—the demand for justice and good government. Will you make us believe that, as self-respecting men, you and your friends among the leaders of the Democratic party could not have yielded to that demand because among the newspapers expressing it there was one you did not like?

Let us see where that kind of "self-respect" has carried you. I know that we cannot expect our candidates for office to be perfect angels. I am not in favor of criticizing the private conduct of candidates for office unless it is absolutely necessary. But it becomes absolutely necessary when that private conduct reveals faults of character which would render the candidate unfit for the office to which he aspires. Mr. Fellows is an eloquent man, and, I suppose, a pleasant companion. He may possess other estimable qualities. He may be good yet for many things in this world. But recent revelations have served to illustrate some of his weaknesses which, in fact, have long been known, and which make him especially unfit for the duties of a public prosecutor. He stands self-confessed as having, after losing a considerable sum of money, which he did not possess, in gambling, paid his gambling debt with a note, the payment of which he sought to avoid by pleading in court the law against gambling. He stands self-confessed as having solicited a pecuniary favor from Wm. M. Tweed, the champion public robber and corruptionist of this land—and that immediately after he (Fellows) had left the employment of the prosecuting attorney of this county and after Tweed's unexampled misdeeds had become clearly known to him.

In private life you would, as a "self-respecting man," probably leave any one guilty of these things to the society of his boon companions, to the mercy of his creditors, and, perhaps, to the attention of the police. As a "self-respecting" business man who wishes to preserve the good repute of his firm, you would hardly make him your partner or manager nor recommend him to your neighbors for confidential employment. Can you, then, as a "self-respecting" public man, advise your fellow-citizens to trust him with almost uncontrollable power over those interests which at this moment are to them the dearest—even the good name of the community? As a "self-respecting" Mayor of New York, can you ask the people of this city to put the indictment of gamblers at the discretion of a gambler evading the payment of his debts, and the prosecution of the bribe-givers and bribe-takers at the mercy of a man who did not blush when just rising from the study of Tweed's crimes to beg a pecuniary favor from him who in our history stands as the very embodiment of corruption? Would you thus intrust the honor of the community to one who has confessed himself to be a gambler and a bribe-taker? Would you thus intrust the sense of honor required in the office of public prosecutor?

Since your "self-respect" would not let you recognize the moral sense of the community which favored Mr. Nicolli, I invite you to contemplate calmly the "self-respect" which you enjoy as the eulogist of the "simple Christian life" and the high character of Mr. Fellows.

TWO TELEGRAPH OPERATORS SHANGHAIED.

Lured on Board an Oyster Steep and Compelled to Dredge for Bivalves.

(SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.)
WASHINGTON, Nov. 7.—A strange story is told by two shoeless, hatless and ragged young men who applied for lodging at the First Precinct Station-House on Saturday night.

The two young men, Edward W. Curran and John H. Schriener, both of them are telegraph operators. One month ago they left New York for Atlanta. They were fairly well provided with money, and arriving at Baltimore, determined to remain in that city for a few days before proceeding southward. After a few days' sightseeing they made the acquaintance of a stranger, who induced them to "visit what he termed his 'yacht' in the harbor. Here their new acquaintance left them, and upon asking to be taken ashore they were seized by the captain and imprisoned in the hold. The sleep then set, and upon arriving at Hunga River they were put to work dredging for oysters.

Last Saturday night the captain and mate went ashore, and returned in the evening drunk. They then set the dredge to work, and the two young men, who were nearly a mile away, after a hard struggle they finally landed on the shore, and upon reaching the shore at Crapo furnished them with money enough to reach Baltimore and they arrived here on Saturday night.

They then said they had been Baltimore police laughed at the idea of attempting to bring their abductors to justice, saying that such cases were frequent occurrences, and that now making the best of their way to Atlanta.

THE CLOCK IN THE MAIN OFFICE WAS STRIKING 10 WHEN TURKNEY ENGELHART, EAGAN AND HOGAN WALKED along Murderers' Row and halted at Louis Lingg's cell. Hogan produced the key, turned the bolt back, opened the door and said:

"Come out, Lingg."

"What for?"

"The jailer wants you to take a little walk."

Lingg eyed the turnkeys with astonishment, and fear and suspicion played alternately on his face. "Come, come out Lingg," repeated Englehart.

"Is that all right?"

"Certainly it is all right. Here is Mr. Fols. He'll tell you it is all right."

Fols appeared at the door and ordered Louis to come out. He responded with alacrity, but he looked very nervous. "Go downstairs," said the veteran jailer. "We are going to clean your cell."

Hogan and Eagan conducted the young bomb manufacturer to the main floor, introduced him to cell No. 11 and left him to commune with a cot bed, a chair and a German philosophical treatise. The turnkeys, returning to the balcony fronting Murderers' Row, were instructed by the jailer to strip Lingg's cell and dredge the contents in the sunlight on the floor of the balcony. It was a long and tedious task. Stowed under, above and around the two cots in the apartment were books, pamphlets, papers, fruit baskets, cigar boxes, candy boxes, hundreds of pages of manuscript, writing paper, envelopes, underclothing, pipes, cigars, tobacco, hankerschiefs, poems in German and English, love letters, checks from George Francis Train, telegrams and letters by the score admonishing him to be firm and stand by the "holy cause." Secreted in this one narrow cell was the entire literature of the trial, a succinctly arranged history of the Haymarket massacre in both German and English, pictures of all who have been prominently identified with the arrest and prosecution of the Anarchists and a volume of newspaper clippings.

FOUR DYNAMITE BOMBS DISCOVERED.

In the southern corner of the cell the searchers found a wooden box 2 inches in length and 8 by 8 inches in width and depth. In general appearance it resembled a cigar-box, but was stronger in construction and was securely lugged. Dust had settled on the cover and it was evident that it had not been opened in several days. Turnkey Eagan first fished out what he regarded as a box of cigars. The package was wrapped in a copy of the Arbeiter Zeitung. Englehart removed the wrapping.

"It's too heavy for cigars," he said, picking aside the brass chain which held the cover in place. Lifting the cover he saw what suggested to him four small Roman candles.

"Look at this," he remarked to the other turnkeys.

"They are too heavy for candles, Roman or wax," said Eagan, weighing the box in his hand before passing it to the jailer. Conrad lifted a rod from the box and unwound the paper slowly. The size, weight and general conformation of the body excited his suspicion before the iron tube was laid bare. An innocent-looking section of gas-pipe it seemed, six inches long, about five-eighths of an inch in diameter, plugged at the smaller end. That was what Conrad Fols held in his now trembling hand.

BOMBS FOUND IN HIS CELL.

ANARCHIST LINGG READY TO BLOW UP THE JAIL AND ITS 300 INMATES.

CHICAGO IS STARTLED AND PUBLIC SENTIMENT SUFFERS A REVULSION.

LINGG'S ACT PROBABLY SIGNS THE DEATH WARRANTS OF ALL SEVEN.

Six Dynamite Shells in a Cigar-Box Hidden Beneath a Pile of Books—A Timely Search that Made Lingg Tremble Like a Leaf—Anarchist Sympathizers Already Accusing the Police of Having Placed the Bombs in the Cell—The Prisoners Put in Other Apartments and Their Baskets of Food Carefully Searched—Fears of Bloodshed When the Anarchists Have Been Hanged.

(SPECIAL TO THE WORLD.)

CHICAGO, Nov. 6.—All the sentiment and the pity that have been poured out for the condemned Anarchist, Louis Lingg, were shown to be utterly wasted to-day by a startling discovery that was made when his cell was searched. Four dynamite bombs, any one of them strong enough to blow Murderers' Row and all its inmates to pieces, were found there.

"Sir," said Lingg, proudly, last Friday night, "I am an Anarchist."

The remark was made to the correspondent of THE WORLD, who had asked Lingg if he would not sign a petition to Gov. Oglesby in case the six others died. At that time he had the bombs hidden in his cell. Fortified as he was with the most potent argument which an Anarchist can employ, it is small wonder that he answered at Capt. Black and smiled contemptuously when Prof. Salter pleaded with him.

Had Louis Lingg wished to destroy Cook County Jail and kill its 300 inmates that night, he had but to step to his cell and fire the bombs. On Saturday, at noon, the reporter, who has for a week spent sixteen hours a day in the jail, was told that an important consultation would be held in the private office of the jailer at 8 o'clock Sunday morning.

Upon presenting himself at the jail at 7:30 this morning the reporter was denied admission. No explanation was vouchsafed. The outside guards said they had received instructions to permit no one to enter the jail-yard, or take up a position where any one in the jail could be signalled. The authorities were then closeted in secret consultation. Later developments showed that they were engaged in mapping out a plan of campaign to be observed in the event of Gov. Oglesby's refusal to commute the sentence of the condemned. It was decided to adopt new regulations throughout the jail and enforce them to the letter. As a preliminary it was agreed that all cells in Murderers' Row should be searched.

At 8:30 Death Watch William A. Osborne arrived. Lingg, Eagan and Schwaab were not yet out of their cells, and all appeared to be sleeping soundly. Osborne did not disturb them. Spies were dressed, sitting with both hands pressed to his head. He looked haggard when he gave the customary morning salute, and complained of indigestion. Fischer was in excellent spirits and shook hands with unusual cordiality. Soon after 9 o'clock the seven breakfasted. The death watch noticed nothing unusual in their demeanor. Fischer ate heartily. Parsons was a superb spirit. Lingg said nothing, but after breakfast complied with Osborne's request to write his autograph in a young lady's album, which had been sent in.

SEARCHING LINGG'S CELL.

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THE REVULSION IN PUBLIC SENTIMENT.

The discovery of the bombs in Lingg's cell created such excitement in the city. It has made an other complete revolution in public opinion about the Anarchists. People who thought last night that there was little prospect of an execution Friday, now say that all seven will hang. How far the others are implicated with Lingg, of course, cannot be told. It is not likely that all the rest were ignorant of the presence of the bombs. Anyhow, it has completely destroyed the pleasant delusion that the seven men were simply harmless utopianists arguing for an impossible ideal.

The belief that they are desperate men capable of any act of destruction takes hold of people again. This comes near what a good many used to prophesy before the petition-signing craze came on, that the Anarchists would blow themselves and the jail to pieces before they would permit the hanging.

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Old man Osborne looked up from his morning paper, read an expression on the face of the jailer he had never seen before, stepped forward, recognized the agent of destruction and exclaimed:

"My God, Mr. Fols; handle it carefully; that's a bomb."

The jailer rallied immediately. "Otto," he called to his son, "come up here a minute. A man wants a doctor."

Stepping out of earshot of the six other cells, the jailer held a whispered consultation with his son, the turnkeys and the death-watch.

"We must do nothing to excite suspicion," he said. "Make no sign to Lingg that we have discovered anything wrong. To quiet any suspicion he may form, you had better bring Engel downstairs also."

This was done quietly and, with his son and Mr. Osborne, the jailer returned to his office, bearing the box. There, on his desk, he removed the wrappings, disclosing three other tubular sections of iron, plugged like the first. Death-Watch Osborne was not a little startled.

"Merciful God," he exclaimed, "we have been on the brink of a volcano. What a revolution in public sentiment this discovery will produce."

WHAT SHERIFF MATSON SAYS.

A messenger was sent to the Sheriff's office, and that officer was soon closeted with the jailer. The conference did not terminate until after 1 o'clock. Up to that hour no representative of the press had passed the outer sentinels. At 2 o'clock word came that the reporters would be admitted. Sheriff Matson was not a little startled.

"The price never falls on Sunday. Thursday's price was represented by a substitute, and yet the truth leaked out. Slowly but surely the details of the dreadful discovery percolated through a mass of rumor until the truth stood bright and clear in THE WORLD's reportorial fire. Sheriff Matson was seen.

"You have told the story of the finding of the bombs correctly," he said, "and now what is the use of saying 'Don't you suppose I appreciate fully the terrible significance of to-day's discovery? Thus far we have taken ordinary precautions. From this point we shall act with full knowledge of the character of the men with whom we have to deal."

"Were bombs found in other cells?"

"No."

"On any other person?"

"No."

"Have you newly located all the men to-day?"

"Yes; Engel is in cell No. 9, Parsons is in No. 7 and Fischer in No. 8. Spies, Schwaab and Fielden are still upstairs, but they have been located in new cells."

"Will the condemned men be allowed to visit with their relatives, as formerly?"

"No; any man, woman or child who comes to see these prisoners must visit with them in the presence of an officer. No newspapers will be given to any of the condemned. Letters and telegrams will be read by the jailer before they are delivered."

"How about fruit, flowers and food?"

"Anything and everything which these men eat will hereafter be supplied by myself."

"How about money amnesty conventions be held in the jail?"

"No, sir. I am only impressed with the responsibility of my position as regards this discovery. It was accidental. The change in cells was not caused by any alarm which we felt, nor was it the result of any detective information."

"What have you done with the bombs?"

"Sent them out to be examined by an expert. I cannot tell you to whom."

"Until I became satisfied they were made by a man who understands the composition of a dynamite bomb."

LINGG IN GREAT TERROR.

Otto Fols, the jailer's son, said: "As soon after we made the discovery as I could, I went to the door of Lingg's cell and looked in. A great change was noticeable in the man. I asked him how he liked the new quarters and handed him a paper. He shook his head like a leaf. I asked Osborne to go to his cell and see if he couldn't draw him out on general subjects so as to quiet him, but Osborne said he declined to speak."

ACCORDING TO THE POLICE.

It may be stated in advance with certainty that the Amnesty Association and the other people in Chicago who are trying to get the sentence of the condemned men commuted will try to discount the effect of the discovery of Lingg's bombs by saying that they were put in the cell by mistake. In fact, they say so already. One of them, who was found at the jail entrance by a World reporter to-night, said: "It is simply impossible that these bombs should have been passed in to Lingg. Every article that is sent to the prisoners is carefully and minutely examined by the jail officials before it is sent to the cells. It is said that the bombs were hidden in cigar boxes. I have seen a dozen boxes of cigars sent in. Every one of them was emptied of the contents by the guard. Even a plate of pie is forked over. Every loaf of bread is cut into with knives and forks. Every basket of provisions is emptied and every article carefully handled. There is not an article as big as a toothpick that gets in there without the guard's knowledge."

How did the bombs get in? The police had them in their pockets when they went in there on the pretense of cleaning the cells. Why should they take it into their heads to examine Lingg's cell to-day anyway